

Painter, Hockney walks around chair--

casing the job, right?--sketches it from various angles, superimposes them, floorboards too, a compounding, still a chair, someone's fancy of it, but besides the yahoos piping their 8 year olds could do as well, where can the incarcerating hatred spring among the others, the puke-inducing beginning-middle-end "focus" crowd, their scorn as easily earned: we go beyond such bounds and grounds, further than Hackney, for example, and they still have a word for us-- fortunate product of education--and it, and that, is good. Their certainty about matters will delay our execution. So much that we might die beforehand (unless we get just too confound confounding) which is a good thing for most of us, but especially dealers in slanted words, the easiest to apprehend.